THE

THIRD EPISTLE

Of the First BOOK of

HORACE

IMITATED.

(Price Six-pence.)

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K. Horatius

By GEORGE OGLE, *Esq;*

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY, at *Tully*'s Head, *Pall-Mall.*
MDCCXXXVIII.

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To the Right Honorable

JOHN Earl of *ORRERY.*

SAY, [1] ORRERY, for This [6] I long to hear,
Is [3] War the Voice [5] of Common and of Peer?
What Inſult new to juſt Reſentment warms?
And when, [2] and where, [4] AUGUSTUS calls to Arms?
Say, muſt We [10] break cold THAMES's [9] Wintry Chain,
To vindicate [11] our Empire on the Main?
Or wait, till Spring from icy Bondage frees,
To fix HERCULEAN Tow'rs [12] in Midland Sea?
Again muſt We [7] inrich with Streams of Blood
With Fleets, with Armies, [8] the SICILIAN Flood?

Or

Or warmer Hills, [13] and richer Vallies know,
And far as INDIAN GEORGIA chace the Foe?
There give the BRITISH Navy [14] to deride
FRENCH Artifice, and humble SPANISH Pride?
Meantime what ſtudious [15] Youth with poliſh'd [16] Hand,
(A Lover of the Muſe [17] may This demand!)
What Bard [19] attempts to touch, and not prophane,
The Glories of a new [18] AUGUSTAN Reign?
And, mighty CÆSAR, with becoming Rage,
Tranſmit [20] thy Leagues and Wars to diſtant [21] Age?
Is BROOKE [22] the Man, the weighty Task to chuſe?
Befriended and the Friend of ev'ry Muſe!
Whoſe Merit, * long reſtrain'd by modeſt Fear,
Shall ſoon familiar [23] ſound to ev'ry Ear.

EPISTOLA III.

Ad *JULIUM FLORUM.*

Quædam de Tiberio ac ſuis ipſius amicis percontatus, Florum ad Sapientiæ ſtudium cohortatur.

JULI FLORE, [1]
——————— *quibus terrarum* [2]
——————————— *militet* [3] *oris* [4]
Claudius, Auguſti privignus, [5]
——————————— *ſcire laboro.* [6]
Thracane vos, [7]
——————— *Hebruſque* [8]
——————————— *nivali compade* [9]

* This Author was Thirty Years of Age, before his Friends cou'd prevail with Him to publiſh his *Univerſal Beauty*, a Poem generally eſteem'd by all Men of Science, and Judges of Poetry.

For nor in vulgar Grove He prides to ſing,
Nor pales to drink [24] of MILTON's rapid Spring;
Diſdaining open Lakes, [25] and Rivers known:
Scarce more the Spring of MILTON ‡ than his own.
Say, [26] how in Health? To what Delight [29] inclin'd?
And bears He ſtill [27] our ancient Love in Mind?
Soars to what Heights on what auſpicious [30] Wings?
What ** TUSCAN Meaſures [28] fits to BRITISH Strings?
Or mounts the Buskin'd Bard [31] the Tragic Stage,
Proud, not to flatter, but inſtruct the Age?
With Rage [32] each Manly Soul, each Female Heart
With [33] Pity moves; †† [34] and Nature blends with Art?

——————————————————— *vinctus,* [10]
An freta [11]
——— *vicinas inter currentia * terras;* [12]
An pingues Aſiæ campi colleſque [13]
——————————————— *morantur?* [14]
Quid ſtudioſa cohors [15]
———————— *operum ſtruit?* [16]
——————————————— † *Hoc quoque curo.* [17]
Quis ſibi res geſtas Auguſti [18]
————————————— *ſcribere ſumit?* [19]
Bella quis & paces [20]
————————— *longum diffundit in ævum?* [21]
Quid Titius, [22]

* Many Editions read *turres.*

† Some read *Hæc*; and point this Paſſage in a different manner, *viz. Hæ quoque curo, quis,* &c.

‡ He has ſeveral Pieces by Him that come as near as any to MILTON i Manner and Stile.

** His Tranſlation of *Taſſo*'s *Jeruſalem.*

†† A Tragedy, whoſe Merit the Public will have an Opportunity of Judgin perhaps this Winter.

And how fares CELSUS [35] with his borrow'd Store?—
Much to be caution'd, [36] caution'd much before,
His impotent Ambition to reſtrain,
Or draw the Fund [37] from his own proper Brain.
Or if from that ſhort Stock He cannot write,
To ſteal Repute [39] from Poets leſs in Sight.
Or own Invention not his Gift of Fate,
And try with Me, old Authors to tranſlate.
But ſpare [38] to touch the New with thieviſh Hand,
Such as in ev'ry Modern [40] Study ſtand.
Leaſt, [41] ſhou'd his decorated Book aſpire
To mimick BUTLER, or to rival PRIOR;
The full [43] Aſſembly on ſome luckleſs Time,
Seize, each his Turn of Wit, [42] or Tag of Rhyme::

——————— *Romana brevi venturus in ora?* [23]
Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus, [24]
Faſtidire lacus, & rivos auſus apertos. [25]
Ut valet? [26]
——— *Ut meminit noſtri?* [27]
——————————— *Fidibuſne latinis*
Thebanos aptare modos [28]
——————————— *ſtudet,* [29]
——————————— *auſpice Muſa?* [30]
An tragicâ [31]
——————— *deſævit* [32]
——————————— *& ampullatur* [33]
——————————————— *in arte?* [34]

While

While the ſad Crow, [44] late deck'd in varied Dies,
Of ſunny Rainbows, and of *Argus'* Eyes,
The Laugh of All, his native Black reſumes,
Stripp'd of his color'd Rays, [45] and furtive Plumes.
Then; what attempts my BOYLE, [46] in Verſe or Proſe,
Still happy to invent as to compoſe?
Where [48] flits He round [47] and round what thymy [49] Bow'rs,
Culling freſh Sweets from new diſcover'd Flow'rs?
For 'tis no common Taſte [50] his Talents ſhow,
To Genius much, to Judgment much They owe;
No Matter there is wanting, [51] here no Dreſs,
Fancy [52] to form, or Manner [53] to expreſs.
Chuſe He the Life of Action or of Eaſe;
There, brightly ſhall He ſhine; Here, mildly pleaſe.

Quid mihi Celſus agit? 35
——————— *Monitus, multumque monendus,* 36
Privatas ut quærat opes, 37
——————— *ac tangere vitet* 38
Scripta, 39
——— *Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.* 40
Ne, ſi 41
——— *fortè ſuas repetitum venerit olim* 42
Grex avium plumas; 43
——————— *moveat Cornicula riſum* 44
Furtivis nudata coloribus. 45
——————— *Ipſe quid audes?* 46
Quæ circumvolitas 47

For

For whether, on the grand Affairs of State,
He points his Tongue, [54] and arms for the Debate;
No random Shaft ſhall from his Quiver fly:
Strong to oppoſe, and Ready to reply!
Or whether, [55] on Appeals from formal Courts,
He tries the doubling Mazes of Reports;
In Him wrong'd Innocence ſhall find a Friend;
Anxious to ſerve, and Pow'rful to defend!
Or whether, [56] on thoſe Hours He calls his own,
When Nought exacts the Senate or the Throne;
Neatly he [57] poliſhes the bolder [59] Line,
Adds Grace to Strength, [58] and Beauty to Deſign:
His Privacy [60] ſhall challenge equal Praiſe,
And SWIFT, [61] with honor'd Hand, confer the Bays!

——————— *agilis* 48
——————————— *thyma?* 49
——————————————— *Non tibi parvum*
Ingenium, 50
——————— *non incultum eſt,* 51
————————————— *nec turpiter* 52
————————————————— *hirtum;* 53
Seu linguam cauſſis acuis, 54
————————————— *ſeu civica jura*
Reſpondere paras: 55
————————————— *ſeu* 56
————————————— *condis* 57
——————————————— *amabile* 58

And

Sweet the Returns ſuch ſhining Talents claim,
Eſteem, in Private; and in Public, Fame.
Yet not [62] on Theſe Felicity depends,
Not! on the Praiſe of Foes, or Love of Friends!
If with Himſelf Man lives not full at Reſt.
No! to the Bottom He muſt [65] ſearch his Breaſt.
Thence, what eſcapes his Friends, eſcapes his Foes,
Yet what He knows, and nurtures tho' He knows,
Thence [64] muſt He root; thoſe Plants of vicious Kind
That but obſtruct the Harveſt of his Mind;
Thence, the wild Growth of fond Attachments tear:
Thoſe irritating [63] Lenitives of Care!
Whoſe ſecret Anguiſh He wou'd ſooth, not heal;
Tho' Reaſon bids Him uſe the ſharpeſt Steel.

——————————————— *carmen,* 59
Prima feres 60
——————— *ederæ victricis præmia.* 61
——————————————— *Quod ſi* 62
Frigida curarum fomenta 63
——————————— *relinquere* 64
——————————————— *poſſes;* 65
Quo te cæleſtis 66
——————— *Sapientia duceret,* 67
——————————————— *ires.* 68
Hoc opus, 69
——————— *hoc ſtudium,* 70
——————————— *parvi* 71

Chear

Cheat He the World, if ſtill Himſelf He cheat;
Tis a weak Artifice, a vain Deceit.
For Conſcience ſinks Him in his own Eſteem,
Who aims not to be Happy, but to ſeem.
Yet ſay how Few, [75] from Self-Indulgence clear,
Labor to Be, the Men They wou'd appear?
Be This, to guide Us to ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Our Daily [69] Toil, our Nightly [70] Study, This;
This firſt Concern of Life, [72] in ev'ry State,
To [71] Poor, to Rich, to Little, and to [73] Great.
So from the fairer Paths [68] We cannot ſtray,
Where Wiſdom [67] leads, and Honor [66] guards the Way.
So ſhall We live, whate'er our Rank or View,
True [76] to Ourſelves, and to our [74] Country true.

——————————— *properemus* 72
——————————————— *& ampli,* 73
Si patriæ 74
——— *volumus,* 75
——————— *ſi nobis vivere chari.* 76
Debes 77
——— *hoc etiam* 78
——————— *reſcribere;* 79
————————— ‡ *ſi tibi curæ eſt* 80
Quantæ conveniat 81
——————— *Munatius?* 82
————————— *An malè ſarta* 83
Gratia 84

‡ *Lambinus* reads *ſit tibi curæ,* and ſome others *ſi tibi curæ.*

Nor

Nor yet omit [79] (for there [77] the Moral tends)
The ſanguine [82] Brothers; are They Foes, or Friends
Too juſtly here [78] the Rule may be apply'd!
Again unite They? Or again divide?
Fix'd [80] is the Favor, [84] (This I fain wou'd know)
The One ſhou'd pride to take, [81] the One beſtow.
Or opes the former Diff'rence, [83] ill-agreed,
A [85] wider Wound, [86] with larger Stream to bleed.
Ah Youths, [87] ſtill lov'd, or how [92] or where You live
By All beſide Yourſelves, Yourſelves forgive!
What Vice or Virtue, [90] this Diſunion makes;
What Senſe from Wrongs, [89] or Paſſion from Miſtakes
Pride, to withſtand! Or Shame to be withſtood!
What Spirit! [88] Or Intemperance of Blood!

——————————— *nequicquam coit,* [85]
——————————————— *& reſcinditur?* [86]
——————————————————— *At vos* [87]
Seu calidus ſanguis, [88]
——————————— *ſeu rerum inſcitia* [89]
——————————————————— *vexat,* [90]
Indomitâ cervice feros, [91]
——————————— *ubicunque locorum*
Vivitis, [92]
——————— *Indigni* [93]
——————————— *fraternum rumpere fœdus,* [94]
Paſcitur in veſtrum reditum [95]
——————————————— *votiva juvencus.* [96]

Youth

outh, fond to break, [91] uneasy to be broke,
ree to impose, but fierce to bear the Yoke!
esist, [93] too dear at such Expence to prove
he Bonds, how feeble of Fraternal Love.
oth warm! [94] Both brave! the hurtful Conflict close!
he World affords Variety of Foes.
ut, tho' with still unwearied Rage You burn,
ay Each in Safety to their Friends [95] return.
e BOYLE your Judge, You answer my Design;
or This my Cellar hoards her [96] Flower of Wine.

FINIS.

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SHORTLY will be publiſhed, the *Eighth*, *Ninth*, an *Tenth* Epiſtle of the *Firſt* Book of *Horace* Imitated, b GEORGE OGLE, Eſq; Printed for *R. Dodſley:*

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Imitated by the ſame Hand.

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